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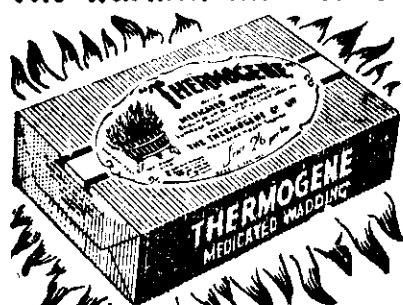
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# RADIO VIEWSREEL

## What Our Commentators Say

### Travelling by Proxy

PROBABLY the housewife who yearns to travel is not as common as she used to be, since travel is no longer a carefree sequence of folder collecting, deck cabin, and luxury hotel. So we are glad to have someone as sensitive and sensible as Miss Joan Airey to do our travelling for us, and present us with the results in three neatly arranged 15-minute packages. Her talks on the British Industries Fair, heard from 2YA on Tuesday mornings, are refreshingly practical. Her first talk, on Fashions at the British Industries Fair, possibly appealed more to the essential Eve, but Martha had a good innings in Things to Come. What woman can fail to respond to the idea of "scrubbing brushes in gay colours to tone with your kitchen"? (If such there be, go, mark her well, She's why the Home Aids' ranks don't swell.) Miss Airey's final talk, "Science to the Rescue" will probably find us all waiting like Andromeda for the Perseus who will save us from the monster of domesticity. For a monster remains a monster even though its scales be of plastic and its breath radio-active.

be unable to stir hand or foot to his radio to release himself. We are told that Mr. Bolitho consulted all available material for the compilation of this work, but it is perhaps unfortunate that so many have ransacked the storehouse



before him. His atmosphere of authenticity is partly due to the fact that so much of his dialogue has been vouched for by Mr. Strachey and Mr. Housman.

### Sweet A-deline!

WHY anyone should wish to form a Society for the Preservation from Extinction of Barber Shop Quartets I fail to understand. But, as the commentator remarked kindly during the course of a recent programme featuring these particular products of Victoria's reign, "Considering the height of their collars and the profuseness of the growth on their upper lips, they didn't do so badly." Which was, after all, a very charitable comment, and I felt duly ashamed. We then listened to them singing "In the Evening by the Moonlight," after which the commentator said, thoughtfully, that perhaps they treated such foolish and sentimental ditties a little too seriously. I heartily agreed, and we left the Barber Shop Quartets to be preserved like so many old moa bones. Or so I thought. But later in the day I inadvertently tuned in to a programme of "Heart Songs," featuring "America's most beloved Melodies." And who should be putting them across but our old friends, the Barber Shop Quartets—and the same melodies, too. The Society's efforts must have met with remarkable success; the dodo, in fact, has been resurrected and revived.

### What's What in Music

MUSICAL WHAT'S WHAT is the title of a new 15-minute programme series at present being broadcast from 3YL. It aims at providing a sort of musical Who's Who for listeners, only it is concerned with "whats" not "whos." These are taken in strict alphabetical order, peers and commoners together in good democratic style—accompaniment, accordion, adagio. . . . The advantages of this system to the listener, so far as I can see, are nil. Of course, if you happened to be interested in Ukeleles or Xylophones, you can merely switch off for a week or so, until the landmarks of Tambourine and Troppo have been passed. But anyone with a more general interest in the subject may well find this alphabetical system infuriating. Any classification which allowed some comparison, even the simplest division into Instruments and Musical Terms, for instance, would be preferable. As it is, listeners are being

### Fascination of Crime

CRIMINALS, their pursuit and punishment, is a subject with a fascination for the law-abiding almost as strong as that which it exercises over the numerically lesser breeds, and this fascination radio has exploited to the limit. Since Richard Singer has transferred his attentions from Wellington stations at the moment (another complaint of mine is that "Call Yourself a Detective" had its 2YA premiere delayed a fortnight) I have been listening to 2ZB's *Prisoner at the Bar*, as nice a piece of crime reportage as you'd meet in a day's dial-twiddling. This programme of dramatisations of actual cases probably consists of three parts drama and one part history (the actual proportions are possibly known only to Mr. Martin, the scriptwriter, and his researcher) but the delightful part is that it really doesn't matter. If we want a neat passage of historical truth we can go elsewhere (though where is an increasingly difficult question). What we get in *Prisoner at the Bar* is an elaborately got-up Christmas cracker. We play with it, finally pull it and Bang! the dénouement, whereupon there flutters to the floor the hackneyed but necessary motto, "Crime Does Not Pay."

### Victoria and Bolitho

HECTOR BOLITHO'S *Victoria and Disraeli* (heard from 2YA on a recent Sunday night) clung loyally to its heroine's foible by refusing to have any truck with expediency. ("That hated word . . . I have never understood nor liked it.") For it would seem scarcely expedient to put on the air a play which lasts an hour, when perhaps 55 minutes of that hour is taken up by the two main characters, whose speaking voices show the deliberation and monotony characteristic of age. The impressiveness of the production will be welcome to the moralist, since it proves that truth is greater than expediency. For though for the first quarter-of-an-hour the listener may be unable to suppress his yawns, if he listens longer he will be so bowed beneath the authentic weight of the production that he will